

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Revelation

By JANE McLEAN.

Out of the mountain fastnesses there came
A youth; we knew not what might be his name,
But in his hand he bore a hollow reed,
And when we stared he gave no seeming heed
To aught about him. Down we followed him
In his strange garb, his figure straight and slim.
To where the dank, lush river grasses grow,
Where bronze-tipped cat-tails waiver to and fro.
And then he played; songs with the shivering thrill
Of pain, high echoed in the reed's clear trill,
Love and a longing born of endless dreams,
Of stranger shadows still unfulfilled, of gleams
Of light and shadow, dreamily portrayed,
And one of us asked the song he played.
He smiled that strange smile through the wild refrain
And said, "Some call it love, and others pain."
But we who heard the notes of pride, of strife,
Of longing, knew it for the Song of Life.

All Hope Is Prayer

Faith Gives It Wings Thought Is a Kind of Electric Force and, Like Electricity, Is Either Constructive or Destructive

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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"I am writing to ask you if you are really a true believer in prayer. All my life I have believed in God, and have always prayed to Him to help me over the rough places. But my prayers are never answered. I have just struggled along from year to year. I am 25 years of age now and am tired, tired of life, tired of everything in life. I have been trying for weeks to keep from ending it all, for the burden is now more than mortal mind can stand. I got married a short time ago and came to New York (my husband and I) to try to get employment of any kind. We do domestic work and for months have been unable to secure work of any kind. We are now several weeks' room and board and are sometimes hungry. I have had to come home to my mother and she is also overworked. Now, why should one live a life of this worry year after year, with not one gleam of hope for better days? I married to try to help matters a little and it would have, but everything is against me and I am tired, tired and want to end it all. Would I be doing very wrong?"



for this woman to utter each morning:
"Great and glorious and all-powerful Creator of this universe, I know that I am dear to you because you made me.
"You have power, plenty, opulence and peace.
"You want me to share your wealth.
"I know that I am the center of Divine activity and that you will bestow upon me my inheritance.
"Lead me and guide me and show me how to help myself, and to you be glory and power for ever and ever."
He who knocks shall find doors opening. He who asks shall eventually receive.
Be not impatient in delay.
But wait as one who understands.
When Spirit rises and commands.
The gods are ready to obey.

The Fun of Struggling

By ANN LISLE.

"Better to fight and fall than never strive.
Better to suffer than know no cares:
It is enough that I am now alive—
Death is not bitter to the man who dares."

Life at its best is always a struggle. Life is a problem given to you and me for our individual solution. No one can work it out for us, though many may help, but our own living of our lives constitutes our solution of our problem. Why not make your answer a sum total of achievement?
To have the great and worth while things of life, we must fight to win; and having won, we must still fight to hold: A victory over unfavorable circumstances and conditions is splendid. But the mere willingness and moral stamina to "put up a fight" is a big and worth while thing.
There is a certain victory in the mere throwing off of sloth and laziness and giving yourself for the fray. The stages of success are three—first the energy to strive; second, the firmness to go on striving in the face of seeming failure, and third, the courage and wisdom to turn the fight to victory.
Don't be unhappy if you are born to less-than-ideal conditions. That gives you a chance to gain strength and to win at last glorious victory over environment and your own self.

If we want the great things of life we must indeed fight to win. "e" and never cease fighting to retain. But this is not hardship. Rather it is that which gives dignity to life. What a fine thing of hope for conquest a soldier fighting for a forlorn hope feels as he turns the tide. Be such a soldier. It will win for you a magnificent feeling of glow as you become conscious that you are gaining dominion over difficulty.
The blood of your purpose will become red with the live corpuscles of your own making. Your character will stand firm and strong as you harden its backbone! Fight! It is a glorious thing. But fight for the righteous cause of growth and strength and understanding.

Household Hints

To purify the air of a room soak a few pieces of brown paper in a solution of saltpeter and allow them to dry. When desired for use, lay a handful of flowers of lavender on a tin pan with a few pieces of the paper and light. The aroma is refreshing and agreeable and drives away insects. If hot water is procurable a few drops of oil of lavender put in a glass of very hot water is good. It purifies the air at once and effectually rids the room of flies and insects of all kinds.

Anything placed in cold water will cool much more quickly if salt be added to the water. Salt when dissolved in ammonia or methylated spirits will take out grease spots. Added to whitewash, salt makes the wash stick.

To Cleanse White Paint—Boil two or three onions in the usual way very thoroughly, then use the water to clean the paint without soap. All the dirt will disappear, leaving the paint white and glossy.

To Clean the Street Doors—Place in a bath of soapy water, scrub well with a hard scrubbing brush, then rinse well in cold water, and stand on its side to dry. It will look like new.

To Remove Ink Stains—From washing materials, squeeze a little tomato juice on the stain and leave for a few minutes before washing. The stain will disappear easily.

The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies



Celestia Takes the Fashionable Audience by Storm

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests which she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 13 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.
The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.
Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes from her retreat in the Adirondacks. She recognizes each other. Tommy recognizes each other. Tommy recognizes each other.
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of immense financial service to man in particular.
Among the poor, when she said that she came from heaven among the unfortunate and the down-trodden, Celestia was taken literally by so many that it staggered belief. We have only to remember that less gifted prophets have succeeded in imposing their divinity on multitudes. About Celestia there was nothing that rang false. She was goodness and sincerity personified.
Among the more sophisticated, the statement of her origin was taken as a figure of speech; not by all, of course, but by a vast majority. "Anything or anyone that is really good for us may be said to have been sent by heaven," these explained. "She doesn't, of course, mean to imply that she stepped into a fiery eight-cylinder limousine that was waiting for her at heaven's gate, and came down through space in defiance of all speed laws. But, anyway it doesn't matter. She's inspired. That's the main thing. Did anyone ever see such eyes, or hear such a voice? It will be interesting to see what she will do when she has to go against the politicians, etc."
To have the way for their ultimate coup d'etat it was part of the triumvirate's plan to ally some of that bitterness which so many of the poor entertain for so many of the rich. So Prof. Stilliter, making use of those means which we have so often explained, put it into Celestia's head to go about a good deal among fashionable people.

To the simple-minded, newspaper-read Douglas family it was all but inconceivable that there should be any such qualities as kindness, simplicity and virtue (except, perhaps, among the servants) in a Fifth Avenue mansion. And they were among Celestia's first converts to a contrary opinion.
"And where are you going tonight, my dear?" asked Mrs. Douglas. "And where did you get such a wonderful cloak? And you've done your hair differently—"
Mrs. Douglas and her husband, sitting side by side (they had been holding hands) gazed at Celestia in astonishment. Nellie, who had entered the room just behind Celestia, was flushed with excitement and mystery.
"My dress," said Celestia. "It's a very long story. But first of all you must know that I am going to a ball. And Freddie is going with me."
"Just wait till you see Freddie," exclaimed the Ferret's sister.
But old Mr. Douglas looked troubled and anxious.
"There's no harm in Freddie," he said presently. "But it's pretty certain that he will bring away something that doesn't belong to him."
"Oh!" exclaimed Celestia. "How unjust. Has Freddie taken anything that wasn't his since I've lived in this house?"
"That he hasn't!" said Mrs. Douglas. "And it's all your doing."
"Freddie is a good boy," said Celestia; "and he is going to be a good man."
"He's got so," said the honest Nellie, that he don't light a cigarette till he gets round the corner."
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

He is Extremely Foolish.

If your intentions are not serious, it is better to drop the acquaintance before her heart is involved.
Take a longer time each time to answer her letters and gradually the correspondence will cease.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and deeply in love with a young man five years my senior. I met him one day when not quite 18 and he told me to wear longer dresses and put my hair up. This young man is on the road as a traveling salesman and I have not seen him since then.
Do you think he meant anything by that? CONSTANT READER.
I think he was both foolish and imper-

Depends on His Purpose.

Dear Miss Fairfax: How often should a young man give a young lady candy? Should he send by a messenger boy or take it himself? Should he put his card in the box?
RAYMOND.
If he can afford it, a box of candy is a pleasing gift to take whenever he calls; taking it for granted that he doesn't call oftener than once a week.
Neither his card nor a messenger boy, under the circumstances, is necessary.

A Fourth Sex

By ADA PATTERSON.

A Frenchman visiting this country has discovered a third sex. He says it is the woman who will not marry. That she is not a man is apparent. That she is a woman he regards as dubious for if she be a woman would it not be the strong desire of her and first aim of her men persist in thinking themselves life's chief prizes for a woman's life to marry. So the Frenchman reasons and deduces from his reasoning that in America we have three sexes, man, woman and the creature in female form who declines to marry. He quite overlooks the male bachelor, the man who declines to marry. But men were ever merciful to their own sex.



I, too, have gone exploring in the rich fields of humanity. I, too, have made a discovery. There is a fourth sex. It is the female bully.

Do you know one? Think hard. I know two of them, perhaps more, but I hope not, for two are more than it is desirable to know.
The female bully is what her name implies, a bargainer and a bull dozer. Nature has bestowed upon her a loud voice which she employs chiefly in arguing. It has given her shoulders broad as a man's that she uses for pushing her way to what she calls "the front." She has an erratic mind and accounts for her differing attitudes on same subject by saying she "acts upon inspiration." She is fierce on temper and fickle of purpose, but in all moods and tenes she is consistent in one respect. She is a noise.

The female bully is a human drum. She is a tom tom, that, while an instrument of torture, is still guaranteed to draw a crowd. She is like a lithograph, big, gaudy, cheap, but inescapable. The female bully either never marries or does not stay married. Both the noise makers whom I know are twice divorced. In each case the brace of husbands have the sympathy of all who know them and the circumstances. Their wives' bullying strained the bonds of matrimony until they broke.

The only excuse that can be offered for the female bully is that she has never grown up. Children are small savages claiming everything in sight as their own and offering armed resistance if anyone denies that right.
The bully of the feminine order is like a college freshman, with views about everything, and most of them wrong. She may be gray and wrinkled and may limp because rheumatism hobbles her knees, but she never loses the harsh intolerance of youth.

Cure her? No, unless we catch her very young. All we can do is to protect ourselves from her by refusing to know her. If she happens to be within our own family circle we is our portion.

Let us not be bullies ourselves. If we desire that we cannot discuss the world war, equal suffrage nor religion, without raised voice and flushed face, let us go into our closets and sit for awhile in sack-cloth and ashes and come not forth until of chastened spirit. And if a child in our care displays the tokens of the bully let us convince her that the little girl across the street is quite as pretty as she is, and quite as clever, more so, in fact, for she has learned one of life's first and last and greatest lessons, restraint. And impress upon her that great force is often quiet and that quiet in itself a force, gathers force.

Putting the "Eat" in Whole Wheat

The whole wheat grain is without doubt the most perfect food given to man. But you don't want to eat raw wheat—it would be imperfectly digested if you did eat it. Whole wheat bread made of so-called "whole wheat flour" is not much better. All the nutritive elements in the whole wheat grain are supplied in a digestible form in

Shredded Wheat

It is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked. It supplies all the body-building elements of the whole wheat in a digestible form. It is the shredding process that put the "Eat" in Shredded Wheat. Try one or more of these crisp, delicious little loaves of baked wheat for breakfast with milk or cream.

Made only by The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

